

The most lamentable Tragedie

For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,
And threat me, I shall neuer come to blisse,
Till all these mischiefes be returnd againe,
Even in their throats that haue committed them.
Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,
You heauie people, circle me about,
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And sweare vnto my soule to right your wrongs,
The vow is made, come Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I beare.
And *Lavinia* thou shalt be imployd in these Armes,
Beare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
Hie to the *Gothes*, and raise an army there,
And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,
Let's kisse and part, for we haue much to doe.

Exeunt.

Lucius. Farwell *Andronicus* my noble Father:
The wofulst man that ever liude in Rome:
Farewell proud Rome till *Lucius* come againe,
He loues his pledges dearer then his life:
Farewell *Lavinia* my noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou to fore hast bene,
But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* liues
But in obliuion and hatefull griefes:
If *Lucius* liue he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturnine* and his Empreffe
Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queene.
Now will I to the *Gothes* and raise a power,
To be reuengd on Rome and *Saturnine*.

Exit Lucius.

Enter

of Titus Andronicus

Enter Lucius sonne and Lavinia
the boy flies from her with
his arme.

Enter Titus and M

Puer. Helpe Grandfier helpe, m
Followes me euery where I know
Good Vncle *Marcus* see how swift
Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what
Marcus. Stand by me *Lucius*, do
Titus. She loues thee boy too we
Puer. I when my father was in R
Marcus. What meanes my Neece
Titus. Feare her not *Lucius* som
See *Lucius* see, how much she mak
Some whether would she haue the
Ah boy, *Cornelia* neuer with more
Red to her sonnes then she hath rec
Sweet Poet y, and Tullies Oratour
Canst thou not gesse wherefore she
Puer. My Lord I know not I, ne
Vnlesse some fit or frenzie do poss
For I haue heard my Grandfier sa
Extremities of griefes would make
And I haue red that *Heubia* of Tro
Ran mad through sorrow, that mad
Although my Lord, I know my n
Loues me as deare as ere my mothe
And would not but in fury fright
Which made me downe to throw m
Caustes perhaps, but pardon me so
And Madam, it my Vncle *Marcus*